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your affectionate son
John D. Jameson

A Memorial

OF

John S. Jameson,

Sergeant in the 1st Conn. Cavalry,

Who Died at Andersonville, Ga.

COMPILED BY

THEODORE J. HOLMES.

CHAPLAIN OF THE REGIMENT.

"To plan and dare,
To use life, is life's proper end,
Let death come when it will, and where."

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Memorial.

In Zion's Hill Cemetery, at Hartford, Conn., lie the remains of JOHN S. JAMESON, one of the thousands sacrificed in our late war for the Union;—one of the many who were mourned not alone by kindred and friends, but whose decease might be justly regarded a national calamity.

The object of this sketch is to record, as briefly as possible, some special features of his life—not only to gratify those best acquainted with him, but for the information of many who knew him enough to love and honor him, and yet saw but half his worth. Few of his army comrades ever suspected that he possessed those rare qualities, especially that genius in art, which made him, at home, the object of so much admiration. His rough service as a soldier, did not develop what he was himself too modest to reveal.

He was born at Hartford, Conn., March 25th, 1842, and died August 31st, 1864.

When only nine years old, he manifested unusual taste and ability for music, expressing a strong desire to learn to

play the piano; and soon made rapid progress under the guidance of his parents, both musicians—his father, Mr. John Jameson, professional organist, and his mother, Mrs. Rachel S. Jameson, a celebrated singer. When eleven years of age his parents removed their residence to New York, where he was able to enjoy rare opportunties for musicial culture, under the instruction, successively, of Messrs. H. W. Greatorex, W. A. King, George W. Morgan, L. M. Gottschalk, and finally under Mr. Wm. Mason, to whose voluntary instruction and personal friendship he was greatly indebted for the proficiency which he afterwards attained.

He early developed, too, a talent, quite as marked for drawing and painting. During his thirteenth year, while attending the Public Grammar School in Thirteenth street, he drew, one day, upon a slate, a sketch of his grandmother, so lifelike that it attracted the notice of several Artists, especially of Mr. Frederick E. Church, who became, subsequently, his warm friend and patron.

It is certainly very remarkable that a mere boy should have developed, in two different directions, genius which won him such distinguished friends. The estimate in which these two gentlemen held him, appears best from letters written by them to his mother, after his decease, from which extracts are here given:

Mr. Frederick E. Church writes from Hudson, N. Y., April 25, 1867 :

" Of all the younger Artists whose personal acquaintance I have made, and whose works and characteristics of mind and heart came to my observation, no one has interestsd me so much as your son, or held out better grounded hopes of future high excellence. His standard was a lofty one, and it appeared to me that no selfish ambition guided his hand as he essayed to portray the varied aspects of nature. When I heard that he had entered the army, I rejoiced, for I thought it likely the regular camp-life,—change of air and scene,—would so improve his general health as to give him back his eyes again restored. When I think how such a pure, high-minded and talented youth was sacrificed to the rage of the wicked—I almost feel tempted to rejoice that the direst calamity has visited those regions of inhumanity. I thank you for your thoughtful kindness in sending me the sketch which will be one of those few things I expect always to have as fixtures in my home. Mrs. Church's estimate of the character and ability of your son coincides exactly with mine and with yours; can I give him higher praise ?"

Mr. William Mason writes from Orange, N. J., Oct. 12th, 1867, as follows:

"A few years ago happening to call at one of the Pianoforte Warerooms in Broadway, N. Y., my attention was immediately attracted to a young man who was playing on one of the instruments. He was evidently improvising, and I was at once impressed with the beauty of his touch and the thoroughly musical manner of his playing. I ascertained his name from the proprietor of the place, and a few days afterwards, unbeknown to him, called upon his father and expressed the interest excited by his son (John S. Jameson) and my desire to be of service to him in his musical studies. Shortly after this he commenced his lessons with me, which were continued for several months, during which time he made rapid progress. His musical talent was of a very high order. He possessed a fine talent for composition and also improvised exceedingly well, although I am not aware that he ever committed anything to paper.

"On one occasion I accompanied him by invitation, to the studio of the Artist, Frederick E Church, who was at the time engaged on his painting—'Heart of the Andes.' We passed a very pleasant hour there and on taking leave, Mr. Church asked what course I would advise Mr. Jameson to pursue—whether to become a painter or a musician. My

answer was that I was not competent to judge of his ability as a painter,—but it seemed to me that I had never met with a finer musicial talent. Mr. Church expressed a nearly similar opinion regarding his talent for painting.

" On another occasion, being about to publish a piece of music for the Piano, on meeting Mr. Jameson I asked if he could draw me a design for a vignette title-page. The suggestion was made more playfully than in earnest, but he immediately acted upon it, and in a day or two brought me a beautiful sketch, in pencil, of his own composition. Not willing, as he said, to have it spoiled by an Engraver, he would draw it himself upon stone, which he actually did, and notwithstanding it was his first attempt at anything of the kind, it proved a perfect success; although he expressed himself dissatisfied with the tints in which it was afterwards printed. I believe that the last time we met, was some two or three years ago and on the last day of 1863. At that time he called upon Mrs. M. and myself, in Orange, N. J., early in the evening, saying as he entered the house, that he could stay but a few moments as he was going to Newark to play some accompaniments for his mother, who had engaged to sing at a concert there that evening. By some oversight he missed the train and consequently passed the evening at our house. We played some duetts together,

and I also recollect being deeply impressed with his improvisations on the Piano. Mrs. M. and myself vividly recall his open, honest, genial face, his manly form and enthusiastic manner.

" One of his first paintings, a beautiful little landscape, which he presented to me as a token of regard, hangs in the cosiest nook in our little parlor, and is doubly endeared to us since his departure to the other world."

Such was the regard entertained for him by these eminent critics. That their sentiments represented their respective professions, was evident from similar testimonials which came from other noted artists. Mr. Henri Appy, known to the public as a solo violinist at Jenny Lind's Concerts in this country, and more recently President of the Musical Conservatory at Rochester, N. Y., writes from that place under date of Augugt 14, 1867 :

" I have often had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Jameson and to practice with him music of the best class, in which he has given me the best satisfaction. He understood in the highest degree, the old and modern masters, and as a musician and a pianist he would certainly have become the praise of his country."

The following is from the Sixth Annual Report of the Artists' Fund Society of New York, submitted by its President, Mr. John F. Kensitt:

"Stricken from the roll of members is the name of one who was with us in the early struggles of this Society. His life was sacrificed to a noble and patriotic sense of duty to his country. In the loathsome fields of Andersonville lie the mortal remains of the young, brave and enthusiastic John S. Jameson. Had his life been spared, the rare qualities of his mind—his exquisite taste and accomplishments, and fine promise of future excellence in his art, would have reflected honor upon this Society and upon the country of his birth."

This organization, at its quarterly meeting, May 10, 1865, after an address by Col. Vincent Collyer, adopted, at his kind suggestion, the following resolution:

"That the Treasurer of the Artists' Fund Society be instructed to pay to the legal heirs of John S. Jameson the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, as an acknowledgment of his faithfulness while he was a member of this Society, and in recognition of his estimable qualities as an Artist and a Patriot."

But sufficient testimony has been given to vindicate the hold our young friend had won upon the esteem of those best fitted to judge him. He continued his studies in the

two professions—with patience and devotion constrained by the love of both,—puzzled himself, as his friends were, to decide which had upon him the superior claim. In the fall of 1859, he succeeded to the situation of organist, made vacant by the death of his Father, at the Church of the Purtians, on Union Square, N. Y. A portion of each year he spent among the Caatskills, the Adirondacs or the mountains of New England.

The " Grain Field," exhibited in the first collection of the Artists' Fund Society, (painted at the age of eighteen) secured for its author a place among the foremost of young artists then coming into notice. This was followed by " The Mill in the Storm," " Hanging Hills," and " Old Homestead," scenes in Meriden, Conn., " After a Shower," " Moon rise at Sun set," " Twilight on Caatskill Creek," " Artists' Camp on the Caatskills," " Battinkill Creek," " Saranac Waters," " Sun set on Big Tupper Lake," and others. His " Adirondac Scenery," and " Meriden from Mount Lamentation," are worthy of mention as among the last of his works.

But besides these he left many sketches, a portion of which are distributed as mementoes among his friends. From some of these studies, copies for this purpose have been executed by his mother,—whose taste and skill with

the pencil, as well as with the voice, show that her boy came rightfully by his versatile talents.

At the outbreak of the war the sympathies of the young Artist were warmly engaged. His impulse to enlist at once was discouraged by friends in view of his youth and his delicate physical organization; in view, too, of the obligations he owed to his widowed mother. Again in 1863, the desire to be in the field took strong hold of him. "My heart," he said, "is there and I can accomplish nothing here." At times his effort to study seemed wholly paralyzed. It was now that in consideration of his maturer years and confirmed health, his mother yielded to his patriotic desire, and while pursuing his Art studies and fulfilling a brief engagement in Meriden, Conn., as organist, he responded to the call of the President, enlisted January 2d, 1864, with a younger brother, as a private in the First Connecticut Cavalry, for three years' service.

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After he had enlisted, some friend sought to persuade him that his worth would be wasted in the ordinary work of a soldier, and offered to procure him a situation in Hartford, in some government office. But to such solicitation he made quietly but firmly this characteristic reply—as reported by a companion: "No; if I put on the blue I want to rough it with the boys in the field. I should be ashamed to be stay-

ing at home at my ease, while others were fighting at the front."

From Meriden he went with others to the rendezvous at New London, and from there, soon, to the camp of the First Conn. Cavalry at Baltimore, Md. After a very tedious trip, during which he had seen the most disagreeable side of a private's position, he writes home to his mother: "The more I see and the more I think it over, the more impossible it is for me to find one regret at the step I have taken, and were it not for your grief I should have gone away happy. If you knew what a weight seems lifted off my breast, and how much freer I breathe, you would be glad with me that I am here." At Camp Chesebro, Baltimore, Md., he was kept busy most of the time, with his duties as Quarter Master Sergeant, to which office he had been assigned, and with other work in his Company or for the Regiment, which he was always as ready as he was competent to do. He found here some small field for his music, having been at once solicited to preside at the Melodeon which had been procured for the Chapel of the camp.

After nearly two months spent here, he started with the regiment, March 8, on that spring campaign into Virginia, whose motto was, at the beginning and at the end, "On to Richmond." After two or three temporary halts they

encamped at a town called Stevensburg, Va., a short distance south of Culpepper, and east of Brandy Station, having been assigned to the First Brigade of the Third Division, then commanded by Gen. Kilpatrick. The Division was one of the three which formed the cavalry corps, to the command of which Gen. Philip H. Sheridan was very soon assigned. Our camp experience here, for a few days, the surgeon, a veteran in the service, pronounced the hardest he had ever seen; certainly this was the testimony of those now trying the field for the first time. It was just in the season for Virginia mud which violent and protracted rains had made far worse than usual for camping purposes. Officers and men went for days and nights together, wet and chilled through with the cold, driving storm. But more grateful times came in a few days; the sun at last shone, the ground became dry, the camp was removed to a delightful location on the sunny slope of a hill within a few rods of brigade headquarters, and but two miles from rebel pickets. From our tents we had a very extensive and picturesque prospect, the view of the Blue Ridge being singularly fine, as its peaks were then covered with snow. With the sunshine, revealing such magnificent scenery, there came to the camp a more cheerful atmosphere. The Band at headquarters became inspired; the men began to sing, and soon

it was proposed to organize a choir, or glee club. Accordingly the singers of the regiment gathered one day and, by common consent, asked Sergeant Jameson to be their leader. We admired his fine voice, a clear baritone tenor, which seems at home to have been so far eclipsed by other accomplishments that his family friends express surprise that he was a singer at all. Books, sacred and patriotic, were sent us from New York, through the kindness of Mrs. Jameson, and a system of rehearsals began which was not to have a very long duration. More than one of those mild evenings of early spring we would sing for hours in the open air the old songs with which all were familiar—"Oh the home we love," "There's a good time coming, boys," and then others which had a fascination from their very sadness—"Away from the ones we love," "We may fall in the heat of the battle," and—

"Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Long.ng for the war to cease."

Then, every little while we would stop singing to watch the signal lights of the enemy, just across the Rapidan, and to wonder what they meant. We found soon that they meant work, so our music books were stored with the Quartermaster, and our singing was, for the time, over.

Indeed, while the regiment was at Stevensburg there was

much of hard and perilous work. Thirty-three per cent. of the cavalry were all the while at the extreme front. Pickets remained on duty three or four days, sometimes longer, without being relieved; scouting parties came in frequent collision with rebel guerillas, whose mode of warfare was savage enough. One of the regiment, Sergeant George A. Fish of Co. H, received from a party of these bushwackers twenty different wounds, the more serious of them after he had surrendered and fallen, in a dying state.

Jameson, though exempt from picket work as Quarter Master Sergeant, yet chose to go on those expeditions, to take his share of hardship and to accompany his younger brother, for whom he felt the deepest interest He writes to his mother, May 30th:

"We returned from picket Sunday night, having been out nine days. I was tired, a well as my horse, when we got home, and well I might have been, having traveled about 160 miles during the nine days, besides having lots of Quartermaster and Commissary work to do." And yet after such experience, and with the expectation of entering immediately upon the terrible work in prospect, he concludes the letter by saying: "Think of me as being better contented than I ever have been since the war commenced."

On the 3d of May, about midnight, the 3d Cavalry Divis-

ion broke camp, and after marching steadily and rapidly all night, with occasional brief halts to allow columns of artillery and infantry to pass, arrived about daylight at Germania Ford on the Rapidan. Crossing the river before the pontoons had been laid, they pushed forward, expecting every hour to strike the enemy, but meeting no considerable force till, on the second day, they encountered a full corps of rebel infantry. Then followed those weeks and months of constant work. During the first raid under Sheridan, about Richmond, which occurred very soon, the cavalry were, on an average, eighteen or twenty hours a day in the saddle, riding all the while, with but brief intermission for rest or food, shelled more than once out of their sleep in the morning by rebel gunners that during the night had found them by their camp fires, losing heavily from wounds, from sickness, and from exhaustion.

So, in May and June, besides all the work which could not be measured or recorded, the regiment earned the right officially given, to write on its flag the names of thirteen battles. During all this arduous campaign Sergeant Jameson had borne so unexceptionable a record, had suffered so patiently, had fought with such bravery, that he had won the esteem of the whole regiment. He had a horse shot under him at Strawberry Hill, within the first line of fortifications

at Richmond, but escaped here, as elsewhere, all personal harm.

The opinion which his superior officers cherished of him, is shown by the following extracts from letters written after his death:

Captain J. D. Thompson of Company M., says: "John S. Jameson, a Quarter Master Sergeant of my Company, was a soldier who commanded the respect and admiration of both officers and men of his company by a strict attention to all his duties. Socially, he was beloved by all who came in contact with him, and it could be truly said of him—

'None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.'"

Major George O. Marcy, who was in command of the Regiment at camp Chesebrough, and also during the "Wilson Raid," says: "I distinctly recollect that cold, wintry morning, when a squad of new recruits were drawn up in the snow in front of the Provost Marshal's office in Camden street, Baltimore, and I stepped out to receive them, that Jameson stood on the right of the line, his superior height giving him that distinction. Having known him at Meriden, I was acquainted with his worth, but was not able to recognize it more fully at that time than by giving him a Sergeant's warrant, and it was only his short service which prevented

his attaining a higher rank. for his name had been placed among the first on the list of those entitled to promotion. I think I can can say, without fulsome flattery, that he was a universal favorite among officers and men. He was an earnest worker, an ardent patriot, a polished gentleman and a Christian soldier. The change from his cozy studio to the little, mean shelter tent, almost buried in the mud of Virginia, in the most inclement month of the year, seemed to have no depressing effect upon him. Devotion to principle was the inspiration of his soldier-life. He was brave, as men of his class always are. He was wonderfully preserved, though so much at the front during the spring and early summer of 1864."

Colonel (now Brevet Brigadier General) Erastus Blakeslee, who commanded the Regiment after they left Baltimore, through all the subsequent campaign till June 1st, gives the following testimony: "Sergeant Jameson attracted my attention almost immediately after he joined the Regiment, and I soon learned to regard him as one of those thoroughly brave and trustworthy men on whom I could always rely to accomplish the full measure of their duty in any time of either difficulty or danger. I marked him as a perfect gentleman. He seemed to me a person of very fine natural temperament, having a self-centered mind which depended

for its true nobility not so much on surrounding circumstances as on its own consciousness of rectitude. He had too much self respect to ever come in conflict with his superior officers, and too much high toned spirit to ever flinch from danger. At the time of his capture his name was, unbeknown to him, on my list for speedy promotion, and but for his untimely "taking off" he would doubtless soon have attained that position in the Regiment which his gallantry demanded, and for which, by his education and accomplishments, he was well fitted."

From such testimonies, which represent accurately the feeling of the Regiment, it is evident that although kept in the ranks—only because there was no pause in the campaign long enough to commission him—he was yet, in a good degree, appreciated as a soldier and as a man. From his limited period of service, in a subordinate position, he could not develop fully the soldierly qualities which he really possessed. Had his life been spared there is every reason to believe that the virtues which characterized him in private spheres, his intelligence, his clearness and quickness of perception, his integrity of purpose, steady self possession, manly honor, resolute courage and earnest patriotism, would have made him, without a question, conspicuous among the officers of the Regiment and of the service.

About one o'clock on the morning of June 22, the 3d Cavalry Division, joined by four or five Regiments of General Kaut's Cavalry, the whole force under General Wilson, started southward on what is known, in the History of the War, as the "Wilson Raid." Crossing the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad at Reams Station, they struck, at several points, both the Lynchburg (or South Side.) and the Danville Roads—destroying a great amount of property. On their return to the Union lines, they were met by strong bodies of the enemy sent to intercept them. Arriving at Reams Station, General Wilson found himself surrounded by troops despatched from Lee's Army, which was but a few miles distant. It was here that Captain (now Brevet Brigadier General) E. W. Whittaker, of the General's Staff, was ordered to attempt with forty men the perilous task of opening communication with our Infantry, to the left of Petersburg. He dashed through several bodies of rebel cavalry and infantry, arriving safely, with half his command, at General Meade's head quarters. A portion of the 6th Corps was sent to reinforce General Wilson, but were so much delayed that, before their arrival, he was obliged to abandon his trains and fall back as speedily as possible. A long line of ambulances, filled with the sick and wounded, were drawn up and left by the roadside, but many of the poor fellows

were afterwards re-captured by the 6th Corps. Gun carriages and caissons, army wagons loaded with ammunition and stores, articles of every description, confiscated on the march—all were gathered in a field and fired. A very large number of contrabands, men, women and children, estimated by thousands, had to be left to the mercy of the enemy

When the command started from Reams Station, hotly pressed by the Rebel Cavalry, the difficult position of rear guard was assigned to the 1st Conn. Cavalry and held by them till the Nottoway River was crossed. The retreat was continued, not always in the best order, across Stoney Creek, the Nottoway and the Blackwater, into the army of the Potomac. So, the raid which was glorious in the work it accomplished, especially in the destruction of more than sixty miles of Railroad, came to a very inglorious end. Although Gen. Sheridan, in his offical report of the expedition, says it would have been a complete success had the Cavalry been supported by the Infantry as it was understood they should be. The loss experienced by our Regiment—twenty per cent. of the whole fighting force—killed, wounded or missing, was small in view of what had been endured. Some of the time there was keen suffering from hunger, as five days' rations issued at the start could hardly be stretched over ten days, and there was little opportunity for foraging. Not

more than once was permission formally given to unsaddle and to make coffee, though it was possible to nibble at hard tack and salt pork, where any could be got, at odd moments of halting, or while on the march. All suffered, too, very much, from want of rest. During the ten days, not more than two hours out of the twenty-four, on an average, could be afforded for comfortable sleep. One of the Chief Surgeons of the division remarked, he was surprised at one time to realize that he had not slept at all in seventy-two hours, and his whole nervous system was almost entirely prostrated by fatigue and excitement. It was his opinion that the greater part of the missing had fallen out from mere exhaustion, and been captured. Yet it was when the command were in this condition that they started from Reams Station on their forced march of a hundred miles. It is a wonder, that, pursued sharply as they were, so large a proportion should have returned in safety. Very many of the horses became worn out, having been almost constantly saddled, marching over three hundred miles, kept on short forage or oftener none, going sometimes for forty-eight hours without a drop of water. Then to appreciate these sufferings of horses and men it must be remembered that the ten days consumed by the expedition embraced the very hottest of the hot weather for which that summer seemed specially marked, only a

single shower occurring during the whole time, and that not enough to lay the dust. It surely is not strange that so many should have been worn out and should have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Upon the list of the missing, after the Raid, was the name of John S. Jameson. It was impossible to know whether he was dead or a prisoner, and the agony of suspense suffered by friends at home, through long months of weary waiting, no one can understand but those who have tasted a like experience. His fate was not known till April, 1865, when it was discovered that he had died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 31st, 1864. The information came through Dorrance Atwater, who was captured in July, 1863, a few days subsequent to the battle of Gettysburg, and after being confined in several of the rebel prisons, spent a long time at Andersonville. Being an excellent penman he was made clerk in the hospital, and suspecting that although the Confederate Government professed to send North a list of the Union dead, they really did not do it, he copied the list himself clandestinely, secreting it upon his person when he was exchanged.

One of the hospital books could not be found when the place was captured by our forces, and the names it contained, over two thousand, could only be supplied from Atwater's

list—so that to his forethought and boldness many a family are indebted for the only information they could ever have received of their lost friends. It is a satisfaction to these families to know that he is at last likely to receive at the hands of our Government the appreciation which his conduct deserves.

From two of the First Connecticut Cavalry captured on the same Raid and taken to Andersonville—Corporal Frank Schumaker, Co A, and Corporal W. H. Cook, Co G, who met Sergeant Jameson at Libby Prison, some particulars were obtained regarding his capture, as given them by himself, and of his subsequent experience. He was taken June 29, on the retreat, near Reams Station, having fallen behind on account of illness and exhaustion. He was filling his canteen at a creek just crossed by the Regiment, when the rebels came in between and cut him off. He was taken to a planter's house near by, with a number of others, and remained there till the next day, when, being too weak to walk, he was put on a worn-out horse and carried to Petersburg. Here he was stripped, in common with the other prisoners, of everything he had. They took such articles of clothing as were at all valuable, money, family photographs, and even his testament. From there they were taken to Libby Prison at Richmond. Though prostrated much of the

time with diarrhea, he did very much to encourage his comrades to keep up good heart, telling them the Union army was certain to triumph, and the prisoners would soon be free. On the 4th of July, he joined with others in cheering heartily the "Stars and Stripes."

On the 17th of July, they started from Richmond for Georgia. The trip, in exteremely oppressive heat, in covered box cars, was very wearing even to those in health, but was especially exhausting to our sick friend. He suffered greatly from hunger, as very inadequate rations were served them, and at Goldsboro, became so desperate as to sell his blouse to a negro for a little corn bread. More than once, when with the Regiment, he had been glad to eat raw the hard shelled corn foraged for the horses, but now he could not get even this. Arriving at Andersonville, he fainted away, but when a comrade dashed water in his face and gave him some to drink, he revived and was carried at once into the Hospital, which he never left till carried out to the grave. His companions from whom these particulars were obtained, went into the stockade, and from the time of their separation nothing definite is known of his experience in the Hospital nothing except the fact of his decease.

His grave, carefully marked by Dorrance Atwater, was easily identified at the close of the war, and his remains

were removed to Hartford, where they were re-interred, June 29th, 1866, after funeral services conducted by the Chaplain of his Regiment. Friends who mourn that they could not have been near him in those last days of weakness and suffering, are thankful for the comfort, denied so many afflicted homes, that he sleeps quietly, among kindred, in the place of his birth ; that his grave is where they who loved him can come and weep and pray ; where comrades can gather to talk of his virtues, to recount the story of soldier-life, to cover with flowers his place of rest, and to take anew the old pledge of devotion to the principles for which he suffered and died.

The country is not even yet enough recovered from the shock of the war to realize the price paid for its redemption. The life, briefly sketched in this memorial, is but one of nearly 300,000 that were laid upon the altar, multitudes of them like this, lives of extraordinary promise, all of them unspeakably dear to sorrowing friends. Many Biographies have been written which awaken a bitter regret that lives so rich in gifts, so radiant with virtue, so noble in real manhood, should have gone out so suddenly, so soon. Yet there were many, many others whose histories will never be read, who were in their own circles of friendship as honored and as dear, whose future was as fair, whose blood was as cheerfully

given. What precious sacrifices were offered up during those cruel years, God only knows—God and the homes scattered through the land that have been made desolate. Yet who will say that the offering was too costly, that the blood which flowed like a river was wasted, in view of the results accomplished,—the rebel power broken, our free institutions preserved, our country a unit, not one star lost from her banner?

A placard posted in the streets of one of our New England Cities in 1861, calling for recruits, asked with the spirit of '76, "What will it matter if to-morrow we die, provided, through our death, the Country can be free!" Thousands who rallied at these brave words never came back from the war. They hoped, with as much confidence as they dared, to see again those to whom they had said "good bye," but were disappointed. In the First Connecticut Cavalry a custom was observed that became to the Regiment very dear. When a mail arrived, our Chief Bugler, Voltz, came to Head Quarters, and with a skill which few knew so well as he, played "Home, Sweet Home." It was often a very strange sound, sometimes it came during a brief halt on a march; sometimes during the lull in a battle; sometimes on return from picket—always bringing as it rang through the regiment, memories and hopes which only a

soldier can understan'. During winter quarters at Winchester, Va., it was the last sound but one from the bugle at night. Many a tired boy lay down to rest humming as he fell asleep that sweet strain of Home, remembering it in his dreams, awaking at Reveille to find home still far away, but hoping that hope which lightened all burdens, that one day the dream should be a fact.

In the letters writen home by Sergeant Jameson, there were frequent expressions like these—"I look forward with good faith to the happy re-organization of our little family"—"I think of all at home constantly, and long to be with you again, and if things move as successfully as they have moved of late, next fall wil see us re-united—that's one thing we're fighting for." The longing, breathed in such words, was shared by many a comrade who is resting with him, to-day, in the grave. But though denied the fulfillment of their hopes, they died with the satisfaction that they were winning a "Sweet Home" for the dear ones they had left behind. A conciousness of this inspires the hearts of the people with gratitude towards the dead of the war, the remembrance that to them is due, in a large measure, our flag, our liberties, the peace and plenty of quiet homes, all in fact that gives security and joy to our civil life. On one of four tablets in the State House at Boston, which formed the base of

a column erected in 1791, on Beacon Hill, visitors read the following inscription—"Americans!—while from this eminence, scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who by their exertions have secured to you these blessings." Around the room, in which these tablets are, hang two hundred flags, ragged and bloody, which the various Massachusetts Regiments brought home from the war; and in such a presence the exhortation applies as well to history of to day,—calling upon Americans now to cherish in gratitude and love the memory of the martyr dead," Happily the Nation feels that it has no honors worthy enough for its brave defenders, and it is a consciousness of this which strengthens those upon whom the loss has chiefly fallen. That New England mother who said, calmly, with an almost breaking heart, "I think I am very grateful to God, that I ever had so dear a boy to give to my country"—was one of a multitude, mothers, wives, sisters, —the class that bore the heaviest burdens of the war—who, in their loneliness and sorrow, find sweet joy in reflecting that they were able to spend so much, their all perhaps, to buy life for the nation. Such a spirit of heroic patriotism, there is reason to believe, will prevail more and more, in years to come. As it is an honor to claim in one's ancestry

a name among the Revolutionary dead, so, in another generation, when the momentous meaning of our recent struggle is understood, when its fruits are all gathered, its lessons all learnt, and the world sees what it accomplished for the nation and the race,—no household, then, will want a prouder distinction than the right to say, "we lost one or more in the war for the Union." Communities, too, will cherish, more and more affectionately and reverently, their martyr list; after monuments have grown old and time has effaced their inscriptions, the names will be still remembered, all of them,—written on the hearts of grateful countrymen.

TO MRS. JAMESON.

On Freedom's altar you have laid
A gift of costliest price,
Even the first-born of your flock,
A perfect sacrifice.

Yet count the offering not too dear,
Nor sit unreconciled;
What have you, you have not received
From Him, who claimed your child?

Remember too, though he was all
Your loving heart desired,
Of those to whom the most is given
The most will be required.

He may be nearer than you deem,
Though to your sight denied;
A ministering angel still,
A better, surer, guide.

Gone from the world perchance to save
Some soul in sin astray;
Who following now, the path he trod
Will find the heavenly way.

And surely one so fit for earth
Was fitter for the sky;
He, who was best prepared to live,
Was best prepared to die.

PHŒBE CARY.

January, 30th, 1866.

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